THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

LIGHT ON THE FARTHER HILLS.

The clouds upon the mountain rest;
A gloom is on the autumn day;
But down the valley, in the west,
The sudden light breaks its way—
A light on the farther hills.

Forget thy sorrow heart of mine!
Though shadows fall and fades the leaf,
Somewhere is joy, though 'tis not thine;
The power that sent can heal thy grief;
And light lies on the farther hills.

Thou wouldst not with the world be one
If ne'er thou knewest hurt and wrong;
Take comfort, though the darkened sun
Never again bring gleam or song—
The light lies on the farther hills.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER, Editor,

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS.

In common with papers in other parts of the country a Seattle daily a few weeks ago asked the question "What would you do if you had sixty million dollars?" The editor of The Pacific was in Seattle at the time and sent in an answer which was in substance as follows: "I would use a million or more to establish on the Pacific coast—sometime to be the front door of our continent—a great religious paper. Then I would allow my influence to flow back Eastward and would use considerable in aiding religious papers in different parts of the country, placing them in condition to do in a proper manner the work they are called to do. After that I would use several millions in working some need transformations in the field of secular journalism.

We are confident that the money could not be put to any better use. The time is coming when the gospel and all that makes for the best living will be preached as much, if not more, from the printed page as from the pulpit. Blessed they who shall aid the religious paper to realize its mission.

Largely the secular papers have ceased to be other than money-making enterprises. It will be a great day for this country when our daily papers are published less with the monetary return in view. Unless that can be brought about the public will have to look to the weeklies and monthlies for reliable opinions on the most important matters.

All in all there is a splendid field of usefulness before the properly equipped religions paper. And if the writer of this editorial had millions of dollars, into that work a large part of it would surely go. No one who has not given the subject of the influence of the press considerable consideration can have any adequate conception of the good a great religious paper could do on the Pacific coast. But it would not require a million or several million dollars to make possible such a paper as Congregationalists ought to have here. One tenth or one twentieth of a million would assure it. Some time some one will see in what a grand way he can perpetuate his life in and through The Pacific and will liberally endow it. Until the world takes religion more readily than it now takes it the average religious paper cannot be expected to pay running expenses. If there is a business man hereabouts who thinks that they can be made to pay we can put him in the way speedily to get control of several score and more. And they would be great bonanzas in the hands of this brainy man, wouldn't they? For he **knows**, of course, that they don't pay now simply because they do not have business management!

We will give $100 to any business man who will present us a plan on which in the usual business way, or in any way The Pacific can be made to pay running expenses. The facts are that the running of it as the average business is run would put it much farther behind financially than it has been at any time in its history. They who talk about its being other than a missionary enterprise do not know what they are talking about.

The only way to keep it in existence is to get the $10,000 fund for the printing plant. That will enable us to get out such a paper as we have printed during the last eight years. But it gives nothing for such improvements as other papers on the coast are making, and can in no manner satisfy any newspaper man who realizes what is really needed and what could be done with adequate backing. Oh for sixty million dollars!

BAPTISTS AND CONGREGATIONALISTS.

Reply to an Assertion that Congregationalists do not Insist on a Regenerate Church Membership.

In a consideration of the movement to make Pomona College an interdenominational educational institution, The Pacific made the statement a few weeks ago that with the two characteristics of close communion and baptism by immersion removed there would be practically no difference between Baptists and Congregationalists.'

The Pacific Baptist says that this is an error "grievous and fundamental;" that the statement overlooks the main reason for the existence of Baptists as a denomination—their insistence upon a regenerate church-membership."

Whether so intended or not this is plainly a declaration that Congregationalists do not insist on a regenerate church-membership. In the editorial in which this strange assertion is made the Pacific Baptist quotes Dr. A. H. Strong, president of Rochester Theological Seminary as having said at the time of the Baptist national anniversaries in Cleveland last May: "Our insistence upon the proper subjects and the proper mode of baptism is not the essential, but only the incidental, of our belief. Because we hold that the church is the body of Christ, we cannot accept the statement of the Westminster Confession that the church consists of those who 'profess the true religion, together with their children,' for this includes in the church those who give no credible evidence of regeneration. Because we hold that immersion of the body in water was appointed by our Lord as the sign of his death and resurrection and of the believer's entrance into communion therewith, we cannot regard any body as a regularly constituted church of Christ which disobeys or ignores his command by the substitution of any other mode of baptism. But we oppose infant baptism, only because it admits to the body of Christ those who do not belong to Christ, and we oppose sprinkling or pouring, only because they do not set forth that entrance into the communion of Christ's death and resurrection which is essential to a regularly constituted Christian church."

And Dr. Alexander McLaren, the noted Baptist of Great Britain, was quoted as follows: "Is our denominational position worth fighting for, and worth

praying for, and worth giving for? It is not a mere question of peculiar views with reference to a rite. It it that, but it goes a great deal deeper than that. We go right down to the bottom rock, and we maintain—I venture to say, more logically, and ought to do it more clearly and firmly, than any other body of Nonconformists in the kingdom—we maintain that faith, and faith only, the personal surrender of the individual soul in affiance on and love towards the personal Christ, is the bond that unites souls to him, and makes men Christians. But some people say that it is faith and baptism, and then it comes to be faith or baptism, and then it comes to be baptism, and baptism only. And the Epistle to the Galatians has settled that question for all time. But the proclamation of that far-reaching truth, in all its bearings on the Christian life and on Christian ordinances, seems to me to be especially committed to our charge .God forbid that I should say that there are not other Nonconformists who hold by it as tenaciously and as ardently as we do. I will say no such word as that, but I do maintain that our position is a more logical one than that of our brethren—and I maintain that with all affection for them, wishing to stand shoulder to shoulder with them in our proclamation of these truths."

These quotations were followed by this further declaration by the Pacific Baptist: "Evidently, then, close communion and immersion are not the only nor the main defference between Baptists and Congregationalists; if co-operation in the work at Claremont is to be based upon any such assumption, we could not object to the proposition too strenuously. The main difference between Baptists and Congregationalists is that the latter suffer the 'baptism' of unconscious or involuntary objects—we had almost said subjects—in opposition to the principle of a spiritual church; the main difference between Baptists and Disciples is that the latter ascribe to baptism an efficacy inconsistent with the principle of a spiritual church."

The Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day, pastor emeritus of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, seeing this remarkable and highly erroneous statement, sent a communication to the Pacific Baptist in which he said: "As to close communion and baptism by immersion, there is no question that the two denominations do not hold alike. But as to the requirement of the body in which I have been an ordained minister for over forty years, since the days of Edwards, who struck the final blow at the 'Half-way Covenant,' the statement of our differences and agreements should be: Whatever other differences there may be between Baptists and Congregationalists, they are a unit on an insistence upon a regenerated church-membership; that is, regeneration through personal acceptance of Christ as Sovereign and Savior, and personal consecration to Christ."

The editor of the Pacific Baptist, in a courteous comment on Dr. Day's communication, argues that he did not absolutely deny all such insistence by Congregationalists, basing this plea on the fact that he had quoted Dr. McLaren as having said: "God forbid that I should say there are not other nonconformists who hold by it as tenaciously and as ardently as we do. But I do maintain that our position is a more logical one than that of our brethren."

But this plea is without force, for the word "Congregationalist" was not used in the quotation. And the Pacific Baptist's words in part were that Congregationalists differ from Baptists in the main in that in the practice of infant baptism they are "in opposition to the principle of a spiritual church."

But all this aside, and to the main issue. The Pacific Baptist proceeds next to argue that Congregationalists can scarcely claim to insist upon a regenerate church-membership in Dr. Day's sense of the term as involving personal acceptance of Christ for sovereign and savior." Dr. Gladden is quoted as having written in one of his books "There seems to be no other reasonable view of the case than to regard these children as members of the church—not yet enjoying all its rights and privileges, but members still." And Dr. Bradford, the editor continues, "would accord to baptized children the right to the Lord's supper."

Next the editor of the Pacific Baptist quotes from "Democracy in the Church," by E. L. Heermance, issued only a few weeks ago by the Pilgrim Press: "We believe that the present century will see a new emphasis on infant baptism among the Congregational churches." But the further statement, in a foot note, by Mr. Heermance, "Though without following Bushnell in his "infant church membership," is not quoted. Nor is it stated that Mr. Heermance goes on to show that Congregationalists occupy as to infant baptism an intermediate position between the Baptists and the Presbyterians and some other denominations.

But strange to relate, in the brief extract from the book by Mr. Heermance there is omitted by our contemporary certain important words. The quotation should have been in fairness: "We believe that the present century will see a new emphasis on infant baptism, among the Congregational churches, **as an important element in the problem of nurture.**" This should have been followed by the words 'Though without following Bushnell in his "infant church membership.'" And then the Congregational position would have been better shown by adding from Mr. Heermance the following: "We believe that the practice just outlined, with the theory of baptism which we have given, supplies all the benefits of the infant 'church membership,' of other churches, while avoiding its defects. The Congregational churches, in the much experimenting of their long history, ought to have learned something on the subject of infant baptism. They are prepared to hold middle ground between those bodies of Christians which in their extreme individualism have neglected the child altogether, and those bodies which would make the baptismal form of value per se to the child. With the Baptists they can emphasize the voluntary character of church membership. At the same time, with the parish churches, they can emphasize the Christian birthright of the properly environed child. They can emphasize nurture, as the Lutherans have done, and to some extent the Presbyterians, but with a definition of nurture that is broader than the catechism, that joins the home with the school as a means of grace, that gives instruction and atmosphere their proper relative places."

But if our contemporary had looked for a brief and plain statement of Congregational belief in regard to infant baptism he would have found it in the book on "Congregationalism" by the Rev. Dr. A. Hastings Ross, which is one of the best discussions of Congregationalism extant. Dr. Ross says: "Baptism with public confession of Christ makes them full church

members. The children in virtue of the covenant, may receive the sign and seal, but because the church is a spiritual body whose members are holy, the baptized children like the unbaptized adults 'must credibly show and profess their own repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, before they come to the Lord's table, or are recognized as members in full communion'; 'and otherwise they are not to be admitted thereunto'. This has been the Congregational position from the beginning, except as partially suspended for a brief period by what is known as the Half-way Covenant. This position regards baptized children as children of the church, but not as full members until they give credible proof of conversion and publicly confess Christ. No church requires more than this for adult baptism. Hence no guard to purity can be stronger than this. Nor is this a recently assumed position."

The quotations in the paragraph quoted from Dr. Ross' book are from the Cambridge and Boston declarations of the Congregational churches.

Dr. Ross considers "the consecration of children in baptism," and says: "Consecration gives no membership in the church, but leaves the children in this regard as though they had not been baptized. This consecration seems foreign to the covenant of grace. Infant baptism is more than this, or it is not baptism."

It should, however, be remarked that "consecration" is practiced today as much, if not more, by Congregationalists than "infant baptism is."

On the subject of infant baptism Dr. Ross says further: "This beautiful rite of infant baptism need not subvert the holy nature of the churches. The children thus presented are not made church members, cannot become full members until they publicly profess their faith in Christ; yet they are the children of the church, to be enrolled, watched over, and cared for, trained up for Chrst, and so fitted for the public confession." And in way of reminder to the churches he adds: "It is needful therefore that a church keep a roll of the baptized children and provide special means for their Christian nurture."

In harmony with what Dr. Ross says are the statements in the lectures of that noted Congregational theologian of the first half of the 19th century, Dr. Leonard Woods of Andover, from whom we now quote, the five volumes of his lectures and addresses published in 1850 lying before us as we write: "We cannot regard infant children as members of the church in the full and complete sense in which adult believers are members; for of this they are manifestly incapable. Nor can it be implied that baptized children can ever become members of the church in this complete sense on any lower terms than those which are prescribed for others. They can sustain this high relation only on the condition of their exhibiting the character of Christian piety." And he states that "it is requisite that they manifest their faith and repentance by an open profession thereof before they are admitted to the Lord's Supper."

Professor Woods states that the views advanced are in accordance with the belief of the Puritan churches of New England from the beginning and quotes from the earlier and later Puritans to show this.

It will be evident to all who are acquainted with Congregationalism that the Pacific Baptist will have to do considerable twisting of facts—an impossible amount of it—to make the well-informed believe that Congregationalists do not insist on a regenerate church membership just as much as the Baptists do.

And now, after all that has been said by our contemporary we see no reason for amending our statement that with baptism by immersion and close communion removed there would be no difference practically between Baptists and Congregationalists.

We believe that the time will come when these two features will be removed. Baptists have admitted for long that there are Christians who have not been immersed. The only logical outcome will be to cease organizing churches on that or any other narrow basis, and leave the non-essentials to the individual decision.

May that day be hastened! for,until it does come, we shall have the scandal of weak and struggling churches in thousands of over-churched communities, and a wasteful method in religious work such as is not today tolerated in any other line of work.

In conclusion we desire to ask a favor of the editor of the Pacific Baptist. It would be gratifying to a large number of people if you would make a study of the matter, and show whether or not the churches that do actually, at the present time, admit baptized infants to full membership have more of an unregenerate membership than the churches which do not admit them. Will you do it? Such a study would be of great value. Our own opinion is that the question is a dead issue; that church membership is about as well guarded today in any one of the leading Protestant denominations as in any other, and that with the measuring line, "by their fruits ye shall know them," not much difference will be found. There appears to the present writer to be no more need today for a church organized or continued mainly on the principle of opposition to what may by some be called "the dangerous heresy of infant baptism," than there is for an anti-slavery party after slavery has been abolished. If there is any Protestant church that is today endangering the faith by its practice of infant baptism, please point it out. Name the church and prove the danger. Then shall we all know what to battle against.

In an age when it is seen to be so essential that the churches come into cooperation it is wicked to emphasize differences which in their workings make no difference. As to this also, as well as to the duty of keeping the purity of the faith, God will bring us into judgment.

"Poor sad humanity—
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still,—
Not he that repeateth the Name,
But he that doeth the will."

WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

Searching For A Religion.

The New Haven Register writes in the following interesting manner concerning the search of the Japanese for a new religion for that nation: "It has often been said that the Japanese are imitative, but of late years they have been demonstrating that they have originality and power of initiative.

A people who can so organize the medical service in the army and on the field of battle as to reduce to the minimum the losses from disease, and to maintain the good health of the soldiers, has something to teach the western nations.

Now, the characteristic of originality is again shown in the religious field. Seven years ago the Mikado appointed a commission to travel in search of the true religion that should be adopted by the Japanese people. But the war with Russia and the diplomatic strained relations preceding the war called attention away from this religious mission. The mikado has resumed this work and reappointed the commission and has notified the European Powers to that effect. This action seems in keeping with the character and systematic methods of the Japanese.

The story of the wise men from the East in search of the Star of Bethlehem seems to be repeated in substance. The ancient wise men were evidently dissatisfied with their own religions and desired better. The Japanese always tolerant of religions, so long as they do not interfere with civil order, are evidently not sure which one among them is the best. Buddhism, during one period the religion of the nation, did not satisfy. Accepted in the ninth century it was disestablished virtually Jan. 1, 1874. Confucianism from China, and Mohammedanism from Turkey are inadequate to meet the wants of the Japanese and Shintoism, the native religious belief, is waning.

What the Japanese Commission evidently will look for are practical results. The Christian religion has considerable influence in Japan, but the people have only the long range view. They are not quite sure that the Christian lands are altogether the delightful abodes of such men as the Christian missionaries who are among them teaching ethics and religions. These wise men from the East believe what they see for themselves at short range view will have greater weight with them. The best testimony to the worth of a religion is the behaviour and moral condition of a people. The commission wish to see whether the principles of Christianity are illustrated and demonstrated in the life of Christian lands. If missionaries have taught them about the love of Christ they want to see how far this extends in the national deeds of Christian nations. They may expect to find the "Sermon on the Mount" beautifully fulfilled in industry and politics. They may be puzzled to find so many varying phases, or denominations of Christianity, but they can be trusted to regain their composure and find their way out of the labyrinth.

In visiting Europe it is almost certain they will not visit Russia in their quest. The faith of that unfortunate land just now is not producng desirable results, and besides it is not popular with the Japanese. The Japenese have already done a deal of travelling in Manchuria, and all around Port Arthur in search of the Russians and have gained a tolerable idea of the religious character of that people. The few little experiences with peculiar Russian diplomacy at different times have not had a special persuasive power over the little brown men.

When this commission comes to America, as they surely must, they will not see the "Golden Rule" in full force yet, and they will see inconsistent things in industry and politics, but we will ask them out of charity to us to overlook those for the present and to study the American spirit from its beginning with the colonial fathers. We want them to observe how the foundations of America were laid in religious faith and sacrifice. We invite them to trace the course of this faith as an inspiration in American life, and to see that there are forces steadily at work ameliorating unlovely conditions, and to remember that the American nation is still in the making. They will see that the underlying purpose of the American spirit is preservative of that which is good, however much in the light evils may be for a time. Let the Japanese commission avoid the defects that they may find in the practising of Christianity, forget them, and "hold fast to that which is good." If other nations have failed in any particular in the practising of Christianity, the Japanese have the golden opportunity to lift the Christian system to a high plane, and in their national life, spirit and character become truly a Christian nation.

AN APPEAL.

To the Congregational Churches Throughout the United States.

Dear Friends:—The undersigned gratefully acknowledge the receipt from churches and individuals of $13,501.79, which, wiselv distributed, has brought cheer and encouragement to fourteen different localities, and inspired to such endeavor as to make hopeful the re-hablitation of our work therein. We would that this were sufficient. But it is not, as is evident from the following.

1. Careful estimates reveal twenty churches injured to the extent of $215,000—the one meeting with the heaviest loss being San Francisco First, whose equipment, aside from the lot was valued at $150,000.

2. Of the $56,500 insurance carried by the five destroyed by fire, $5,000 is payable to the bank, the balance after four months is only in part made good—probably never will be paid in full. While waiting for the same, San Francisco First is forced to borrow in order to provide a building absolutely imperative for the highest usefulness of this church.

3. Every one of the twenty churches injured, reports "resources crippled," to such an extent that in some cases salaries have been reduced—in others, application must be made to the Home Missionary Society, and all being required to put forth strenuous efforts to continue the work as formerly—to keep abreast of other churches more favorably circumstanced, and maintain their part in the great missionary movements of the denomination. So long as they remain as at present, all our interests must suffer.

4. While undoubtedly, individuals have profited from the calamity, the state as a whole, has been unfavorably affected, so that churches outside the immediate zone of the disaster cannot come to the relief as otherwise they might. Such suburban parishes as Alameda, Oakland, and Berkeley, while not greatly injured in their property, have members whose business interests were largely in San Francisco, and hence suffered seriously.

In view of the above—assured as we are of the fellowship in suffering on the part of the 700,000 Congregationalists of the land—we have determined upon the following:

1. To have Rev. Geo. C. Adams, D.D., pastor of First Church, San Francisco, visit the East during the month of October—longer if necessary—and so far as practicable, present the situation in Boston, New York, Chicago, and other cities, seeking the coopera-

tion of leading pastors and laymen in raising

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

for the equipment of our injured churches, and affording such other relief as the unwonted circumstances demand.

2. Also, to ask that the second Sunday in November be set apart as a day for special effort throughout the denomination, on the part of our 5,931 churches, for this cause, hoping that the largest possible expression of interest will not in any way militate against the usual annual offering to any of our National Societies.

Further may we add—that though large sums of money have been contributed through Red Cross and other agencies—much of it by Christian people, none of it is available, neither can it be made available for church reconstruction and relief. This also is true, that what we are asking is in line with the movements of others. Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian representatives have overtured and are yet to overture their constituencies. Fraternal bodies, business organizations, professional orders, have received assistance for re-establishment from friends in the East. Congregationalists, always sympathetic, noted for large responses to human needs and religious necessities, will, we feel sure, not fail us—and, indeed are only waiting for some systematic movement on the part of those most concerned. Thus believing, we rest our case with the well-nigh three quarter million of like faith.

Remittances may be made to Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Treasurer, Barker Block, Berkeley, Calif.

Chas. R. Brown,
Geo. C. Adams,
J. K. McLean,
I. C. Meserve.
H. H. Wickoff,
Committee Reconstruction and Relief.

Berkeley, Cal., Aug. 31, 1906.

A Word From Dr. Gladden.

The proposition to have Dr. Adams spend a month at the East, presenting the claim of the California churches; and to have the second Sunday in November, or some other suitable day designated for contribution to their cause in all our churches, seems to me judicious. The need is great and immediate; and no one more authoritatively or more effectively than Dr. Adams can present it to our churches. I am sure that he will be welcome everywhere, and I trust that the response of the churches will be prompt and liberal. I have seen with my own eyes, the desolations of that land; they are great and terrible, and the cry of these stricken churches is one to which we must not turn a heedless ear.

Washington Gladden.

Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4, 1906.

FATHER BRISTOL.

Rev. Charles N. Queen.

Wednesday morning, September the twenty-sixth, the chariots of Israel and horsemen thereof appeared at the home of "The Pioneer Preacher," and gently bore him away to a reward richly earned and earnestly cherished.

It is six years almost to the day since Rev. Sherlick Bristol called on me at the Anacapa Hotel in Ventura, and we had our first meeting, and thus began an experience of peculiar and refreshing comradeship.

Living but six miles apart we were often together. In my study he came a welcome visitor and many vital themes were discussed. They were taken up usually as students, and were inquired into. The common experiences of life were discussed there also, and it was surprising to find two men born a thousand miles apart, educated in different institutions, cultured amid widely different environments, in such concord.

The spiritual condition of the churches greatly concerned him. It will never be known how continually the ministers and churches of the Pacific Coast were taken before the Lord in prayer by him. He loved the churches and the brethren beyond anything they can ever know.

The educational work of the denomination was a matter in which he held a vital interest. His desire was that it should keep abreast of the times, but most of all apace with the will of the Spirit.

He felt Divinely called of God to hold a spiritual suzerainty over the prophets of the church occupying the important places of professors in the colleges and seminaries, editors of our papers, and ministers in high standing, frequently communicating with them.

For this reason he was not always understood inasmuch as his letters were often filled with brotherly and Christian admonition. If he had been known by them as I have known him, and they could have understood the moving principle of these later years of his life as I, they would have welcomed his letters upon every occasion.

Few men have been as wise as he. That has been illustrated many times during the past six years. In the county of Ventura where he has resided since 1869 he is loved and respected by all good minded people. When the temperance issue was at its white heat in that county his words of wisdom through the press to which he made many valuable contributions, were hailed by the populace. He had the faculty of speaking the right word just when it was needed. He was truly a prophet, and the people looked to him as their spiritual father.

Into our home he came almost weekly, and frequently sat at our table. He came as a father and we loved him and the children delighted in him. He was almost ninety-two years old when he went Home, but we did not look upon him as an old man, we loved him as a father and brother. To us he wrote a few days ago, saying, "My admiration of yourself and wife has been a growing quantity in my heart ever since I first looked into your faces, and took your hands in mine." The love was reciprocal.

Since he was seventy he has written "The Pioneer Preacher," one of the richest contributions to auto-biographical lore; "Paracletos," a book of strong spiritual conceptions upon the Holy Spirit; and last winter he gave to the public a booklet upon "Human Sinfulness," covering seventy-five pages of printed matter, but a booklet which has received commendation from every source. Within sixty days he completed a thesis upon "Answered Prayer as a Proof to the Inspiration of the Scriptures," which was published in the Bible Student of New York in the September number. And every week he has written many letters far and near continuing until the day of his sickness which came but twenty-four hours previous to death.

The immediate cause of death was pleura-pneumonia and the duration of illness was but little more than twenty-four hours. He has been enjoying unusual health this summer, often at work in the bean field, where he was on Tuesday when he became sick, and the end was near at hand. His latest message to me was this:

"I have no wish touching the future, save this—that God shall ever locate me where I can best, most fully, subserve His glory and the best interests of the great family to which we belong."

THINGS THAT SHOCK.

In this electrical age, "power," in the world of work, means mostly electricity. A "shock" to the operator is not an unusual thing. With our great "dailies" serving up to us each morning a gruesome menu of horrid happenings, a "shock" is a very common affair. Living in the earthquake zone subjects to "shocks."

These are invariably thoroughly discussed when they occur. There are "shocks" of a very different kind, however, that do us even more damage, because they shock our moral sensibilities, which we pay very little attention to, or, because of their peculiar character, we pass by mostly without comment.

I purpose, at this time, calling attention to some of these unpleasant things. It may be, that if we would notice them more, and condemn them severely, they would less frequently occur. It seems to me we are under obligation to manifest our disapproval of these wrongs, and do what we can to prevent them.

Several times in the last few months, I have seen men, in the dress of clergymen—the peculiar habit affected by the clergymen of certain denominations—sitting in the public place playing cards. It occasioned in my mind, a distinct sense of unfitness. Even if the card-playing itself be approved, why, in view of the fact that a very large number of people consider it wrong, should a clergyman advertise, by a peculiar dress, his close relationship with Christ, and at the same time his happy indulgence in questionable amusements?

On a recent journey north, I passed from my "Pullman", back to the "Observation Car," at the rear of the train. It was a lovely afternoon, and the mountain scenery had drawn the passengers, and filled the car. I dropped into a chair near the back end. Here I was close to a company of young people sitting on the outside portion of the car. They were a fine looking, evidently cultured, well dressed, group. In every way but one, a pleasure to behold. That one exception, in their behaviour, was, two of the young ladies were smoking cigarettes. None of the rest of the group seemed to look upon it as other than a common occurrence. To one at least, who beheld, it was unfit.

Waiting on a wharf, a few days ago, for an excursion steamer, I formed one of quite a large company. I was watching the groups of people with great pleasure, and listening to chance remarks with some interest. To my right was a bevy of some eight or ten young ladies, talking in a very animated manner. They were beautiful, well-dressed, and educated American girls. They could not have been from other than our best homes. I was pained to hear one who seemed to be the favorite of the company say, in a distinct tone, with not the least attempt at seclusion, "O, Golly, but it made me mad!" The remark was exceedingly inapt; I am sorry to say, not especially unusual.

This is an age in which very great things have been done for women and children by the gospel of Christ. If any one class, more than another, should honor our Lord it is the women of our day, for their own sake and for the sake of their children. Notwithstanding this, a very short time ago, I happened in the parlor of a hotel, and waiting there for the coming of a person on whom I had called, I was made a listener to a conversation going on between a lady—no longer excusable for any rash remarks she made on the score of her youth—and a couple of young men, who had evidently done her the honor of call-The conversation took place before the two children of the lady. These children were girls, and about ten and twelve years of age. They manifested much interest in what their mother was saying. The conversation was on some religious question, and was in an advanced stage when I entered the room. To the credit of the young men be it said, they were upholding the side of truth. The lady remarked, as if she thought the utterance would settle the whole controversy: "I don't believe one single bit in all this stuff about a future life, and salvation. Churches and ministers are all a humbug; that's my conviction, and I don't care who knows it."

Now of course all these things come under the head of personal freedom. We can do and say such things if we choose. No one has power to stay our hands or stop our tongues. But, that ladies and gentlemen should so far forget what is due their neighbors, and manifest such an utter indifference to the sentiments and convictions of those they obtrude themselves upon, is shocking in the extreme. We all condemn, in unsparing language, the criminal carelessness that results in so great a loss of life, in our complex system of living; but many who are in such matters very ready to condemn this cheapening of our physical life are found thoughtlessly disregarding the conventions of life, shocking their gentler neighbors most outrageously, and murdering the sentiments of those whose opinions and convictions they should respect.

"Dell."

Among the Churches.

Oakland, Fourth.—At the September communion two persons were received into membership on confession of faith.

...**San Francisco, Mariners.**—A check for $1,000 was received a few days ago in payment of the bequest of the late Miss Newcombe of Oakland.

Petaluma.—Reports at the recent annual meeting showed a net gain of 28 in the membership during the year, 32 having been received. The disbursments, for the year for current expenses, benevolences, etc., were about $2,400. The church building sustained slight damage by the earthquake. Plans have been made for needed repairs and for the painting of the parsonage in a short time. The various societies of the church

are doing an encouraging work, and all in all conditions are good and the future promising.

San Francisco, Richmond.—Rev. H. A. Luckenbach has presented his resignation as pastor, desiring to have it take effect the last Sunday in October. Mr. Luckenbach has accepted a call to the pastorate at North Yakima, Washington and will enter upon the work there the first Sunday in November. He has done a faithful work in San Francisco and well-wishes and prayers will follow him to his new field of labor.

MEETING OF MINISTERS.

The Rev. William A. Rice, of New York, secretary of the Congregational Ministerial Relief Society, gave a valuable talk on Monday at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. His statements showed a striking contrast between the provisions made for disabled and aged ministers by the Congregational churches and those of other denominations, notably the Presbyterian and the Methodist. Mr. Rice is to speak at the Association meeting, in California this week and next, and it is to be hoped that an increased interest in the good work of this society will be awakened. Every church should make an annual contribution.

Next Monday the meeting of the ministers will be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Richards, of New York, secretary of the Church Building Society. The meeting will be held in Berkeley.

On the 15th of October the meeting will be in Plymouth Church, San Francisco, and will be devoted to reports from the General Association in San Jose this week.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McLean go East this week to the American Board Meeting at North Adams, Massachusetts; and thence on a trip abroad, with the intent of being absent about eight months. Among the places to be visited is Palestine.

We have pleasure in calling attention this week to the advertisement of Mr. Geo. J. Betty who is in the grocery business at 3927 Sacramento street, San Francisco. Mr. Betty came recently from Sutter county, in which county there have been no saloons for sixteen years. He is trying to carry on a grocery business in San Francisco without selling liquors. Success, of course, is somewhat problematic. But Mr. Betty has decided to stand true to his temperance principles though in doing so it may be necessary for him to go out of the business.

Professor William Frederic Bade, of Pacific Theological Seminary, and Miss Evelyn Marianne Ratcliff, daughter of the Rev. W. H. Ratcliff of Berkeley, were united in marriage in St. Mark's Church, Berkeley, on Wednesday evening September the 26th. The ceremony was by the Rev. E. L. Parsons, the rector, and by the father of the bride. The Rev. J. K. McLean gave words of congratulation. Their home, after a few weeks, will be in the new house built recently on Benvenue avenue, Berkeley, for that purpose.

AUNT PRUE'S VISIT AMONG THE CHURCHES

Dear Little Pacific:

I want to tell you that I think you look real nice and neat in your new suit, and I hope you are enjoyin' your new office and its fixin's.

I've been thinkin' maybe you'd like to know about some of the things we've been doin' down this way, this summer. Your Uncle Jim and I was down to Long Beach once over Sunday, and we went to church at the new Plymouth chapel. As I set there a-thinkin' of the old ramshackle buildin' where the Plymouth folks went to meetin' when I was to Long Beach last April a year ago, and then looked round at the pretty, new fresh room, I couldn't help a-rejoicin' with 'em. Why, I remember one Sunday when Mr. Dorland was a-preachin' away there on the dingy old platform in the Tabernacle, with signs all around the stage advertisin' of livery stables and real estate firms and flea killers,, the wind was ragin' outside and the rain a-pourin'; and by and by the roof began to leak and people had to move away from the middle of the room, and by the time meetin' was out there was puddles on the chairs and a lake on the floor, and all the while the preacher had to shout at the top of his voice to keep from bein' drowned out by the thunder on the roof of the old barn. He preached right well, though, that day. Tuned himself right up to the storm, as you might say, and said how God's children needn't worry about the ragin' storms around 'em, for tomorrow the sun would be a-shinin' again and the sky would be all blue.

Next morning the storm was all over, and my little niece Hepsy set right up in bed and says, "Oh goody, it's sunshining! The minister said it would: How did the minister know it was goin' to sunshine today, Aunt Prue?"

Well, as I said, I set there a-thinkin' of all this and rejoicin' that them good Plymouth folks had come through the storms and hardships of their early history to where it was sunshining at last.

Pastor Dorland was away on his vacation, and Professor Norton of Pomona College done the preachin'. My, but it was a good talk he give us. You'd think a college professor might be too knowin' to be sensible, but he wasn't, not a bit. I kind o' thought he'd talk so learned it might be a little hard to understand him, but it seemed 'sif he'd just put on his best language and wore it every day till you couldn't of told but what it was only plain everyday talk. He seemed to know a good deal about managin' children, and I judged one of two things,—either he had a family himself, or else he hadn't. He said if you put a boy into a corner and said "Now will you be good?" emphasizin' the "now," that that kind of goodness didn't amount to much. And the kind of religion that is good because it has to be, he said was like that corner goodness.

You'd a thought that church would of been crowded that morning, for there must of been hundreds of Congregationalists in good and regular standing at Long Beach at that time, an' I couldn't help a-wonderin' sadly how they could bear to miss the blessin and the gladness of assemblin' theirselves together.

That reminds me of another Sunday when we was down to Newport Inlet, so far out on the sandy point that we couldn't go to church. We'd been out and set on the beach to hear the ocean thunder, and your Uncle Jim laid down and took a nap while I sung some hymns. You know I ain't much of a singer, but there

wasn't nobody but the sandpipers to listen, and they didn't seem to mind it much.

After a while it seemed most 'sif I'd been to church. I really do think when folks wants to go to church and can't, that it's made up to 'em somehow. Late in the afternoon we went out again to watch the big waves roll up and break, and see the sandpipers fly-in' round with the sun a-gleamin' on their wings till they looked like snowflakes in the air.

We had spied an elderly pair out on the beach, and as they come up to us your Uncle Jim says, "Why, that's the preacher from Sierra Madre!" So he brings 'em over to set down and talk a little while and though the preacher didn't talk religion a bit, it did seem a crownin' touch to our Sunday just to have had a glimpse of a real live minister, and a Congregational one, at that. It's always heartwarmin' to meet some of your own kin unexpected.

We was out to Pasadena a few Sundays too. Once we went to the Westside Church and heard the most beautiful singing. One young lady stood up and sang as soft and sweet as a angel about how God shall wipe away all tears, and there was a quartet that you could hear every word of, just as plain as if you had a big ear trumpet.

Pastor Holmes was away then, but we heard Mr. Eccles give a good talk on Reserve Vitality. He said folks ought to have a reserve of moral and spiritual force just as much as physical. He told some good stories to show up his points, and I heard a girl say afterwards, "That was a splendid sermon—just the kind I like. I could understand every bit of it." I've thought sometimes that preachers would feel richly rewarded if they'd take just a little more pains to make their sermons interesting, especially to young people. The old folks wouldn't like 'em any the less.

Another Sunday we heard Mr. Staats preach at the First Church. He talked about patience, and it was about as practical a sermon as I heard all summer, and on a real good hot weather subject, too.

We found vacation time gives special opportunities for hearin' substitutes, but we did hear Dr. Meredith one Sunday, and the sight of him a-standin' there in the pulpit and a-layin' down the law like one o' them old prophets was a sight to remember. We did want to hear Mr. Burr or Mr. Robertson at North Church, or that college boy that's going to be a missionary,—they say he's the Mayor's son—that talked at the Lake Avenue Church one Sunday, but we couldn't be in two places to once.

I hope, nephew, that you won't think from this letter that we gad around all the time. I like to set month after month in the old meetin' house side of your Uncle Jim, and there's never a time I'm away that I don't sort o' hanker for that place. But while we was a-visitin', it did seem a good chance to see what we could of what the rest of the family is a-doin'.

Well, I guess that's all the news there is for now. Give my love to all the folks, and don't forget your affectionate,

Aunt Prue.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

What an Oregon Church Plans to Do.

It often happens that after a season of waiting, or apparent cessation of growth, an organization will suddenly manifest rare activity and great vigor. This time of refreshing and enlargement has, by all signs come to Hassalo St. Congregational Church in Portland, Oregon. Its membership, at a large "called" business meeting on Thursday, September 27, decided by unanimous vote to make some very necessary improvements in the church building.

Thirty-five years ago, a company of enthusiastic Christians banded together to form this Congregational Church. They selected their present location, then in the midst of a fir forest. They erected, of brick, their present edifice. From time to time they have made such repairs and additions as seemed necessary. On one occasion they added quite a large chapel to the rear of the brick. This new part was of wood.

During all these years they have plodded on faithfully, doing all the varied forms of work usually performed by churches. For a few years, last past, they have unfortunately had short pastorates, and this has had a discouraging effect on the people. Notwithstanding these and some other discouragements the church has now decided on quite extensive improvements on their property. They propose to move their present building to the western edge of their beautiful lot; raise it four feet; build under it a good basement forty by eighty feet; decorate the present interior, putting art glass windows in place of the old-fashioned ones that have been there from the first, and give the whole outside the beautifying touch of the painter's brush. The proposed improvements will leave, on the corner of the lot, a space for a new building, in the near future, the plans for which form part of the present movement. The work to be done just now, (by expert opinion), will cost not less than $2,000.

At the same meeting, when all this was decided upon, about one quarter of the necessary money was provided for; a committee was raised to secure the rest, and a pastor was called to take hold of the work at his earliest convenience. This is not only promise, but accomplishment.

No church in the city of Portland has a more loyal, persistent and hopeful band of workers. Although, for many good reasons, there have been granted letters of dismission to quite a number of members, there is still a good membership left, and other very efficient people in the neighborhood have signified their desire to join the Hassalo Street people in their good work for the Kingdom.

San Francisco can take heart from Baltimore. The Cumberland Presbyterian of Nashville, Tennessee stated in its issue for September 13th: "A celebration is in progress this week which will impress the country with the pluck and energy of the American people, and which illustrates the fact that great calamities commonly are but stepping-stones to better things. Baltimore is holding a jubilee and Old Home Week in honor of the new city which has risen from the ashes of the old. It was only thirty months ago that the great fire swept over the city, consuming 1500 buildings in the business center, and leaving 140 acres of blackened ruins. The total loss was over $100,000,000, yet the citizens now look back upon the fire as a blessing in disguise. In the short time which has elapsed, seven hundred and two new buildings have been erected in the burned area, many of them "skyscrapers," and of the 1,343 lots made vacant only 80 remain unimproved. During this same period the wholesale business of Baltimore has increased fifty per cent and the tax rate has dropped from 2.65 to 2. Surely, Baltimore has reason to rejoice, and the country will rejoice with her."

The Home.

UNTIL HE FIND.

O tender Shepherd, climbing rugged mountains,
And wading waters deep,
How long wouldst Thou be willing to go homeless
To find a straying sheep?

"I count no time," the Shepherd gently answered,
"As thou dost count and bind
The days in weeks, the weeks in months; My counting
Is just—**until I find.**

"And that would be the limit of My journey.
I'd cross the waters deep,
And climb the hillsides with unfailing patience—
Until I found My sheep."

A BOY'S HEART.

There are certain birds which are of such a shy and secretive habit that they hide their nests in the innermost recesses of the forest, and give them a protective coloring from the lichens which grow on the bark of the tree to which they are attached, and if by chance the eager naturalist sees such a nest its owners disclaim it in every possible way but words. The little play of "The Broken Wing" is acted. They fly in the opposite direction from the nest, calling loudly, "Here! Here! Here!" and if, in spite of everything, the little home is discovered and the precious contents exposed, the tiny guardians will fly at the intruder with such angry cries that for very shame he must be gone.

Now every boy deep down within the fastnesses of his nature hides his heart, and if it is threatened with discovery, his tactics are those of the bird. He will practice any pretense or subterfuge in order to conceal it. The prickers of a chestnut burr are nothing to the envelope in which he encases it. If he is accused of having a heart he denies the imputation with scorn, and the singular thing is that the boy is often quite successful in his concealment. Most people accept his assertion that he has no heart, and deal with him on that basis. Wise psychologists write papers to prove that a boy is a primitive savage, and that in him we may trace the evolution of the race. The average teacher accepts that premise and trains on that basis, holding that the tender emotions are dormant during boyhood and only come to the surface when maturity is reached.

Now the truth is that every boy has a heart, but few there be that find it. The roughest, meanest, cruelest boy I ever knew had one, though it never was revealed to human kind. He was a perfect Ishmael, with his hand against every man, the despair of his parents, the dread of his teachers, and the terror of the neighborhood. To my shame be it spoken .. I was as blind as the rest, I could find no good in him until I came unexpectedly on him one day nursing a sick dog. My eyes were opened, and I got hold of the boy's heart by aid of the dog.

A boy's heart is the most delicate piece of mechanism on earth. It closes, as the sea anemone shuts its fairy fringes at the least jarring touch, and to see it from the outside one would never guess what beautiful things were hidden within it, and yet, there he keeps all the lovely visions, the longings, and the sweet desires of youth. The boy has them quite as much as the girl, but he hides them far more deeply than she, and there is a reason for this; a light word or a smile crushes him, a broken confidence he never forgets. Having been hurt once he is too sensible to put himself in danger again. He has learned, because we have so taught him, to keep still.

There is still, thank God, here and there a mother who can go upstairs and sit down quietly by the bedside of her big boy, and listen to the broken words of confidence that come to her under the cover of the darkness. Or, she will take the time to go off with her boy for a woodland ramble, and on some shady hillside she can get him down beside her while she rests and listens to his dreams, the vision which lies before him of the man he would become.

It is inexpressible help to a boy if his mother knows his heart. Here she can build up and strengthen, there she can let go, at another place she can keep a quiet steady hold.

"It isn't such an easy thing for a boy to grow up into a man," observed a lad to me once. "You get pulled so many different ways." But if a mother knows where the pull comes she can help immeasurably. And, oh, the relief and comfort of it to the boy when he knows there is someone who understands the unspeakable things, and that someone, no matter how he blunders, trusts to his good heart and believes he will pull through.

Our Lord and Saviour was the closest student of human nature this world has ever seen, he understood best how to influence it, and he directed all his forces to the heart. He appealed not to the reason, or to the intellectual capacity, but to the heart. He did not always stop even to convict it of sin. He got hold of it in any way he could, and the contact with his purity brought conviction. If his poor followers stumbled and went astray into by and forbidden paths, he would wait for them to catch up, of if need be, he went and sought them. It was so easy for them to repent and to say, "Forgive me," because he was always making them sure that he knew they would repent. He was constantly saying, "Follow me." "If ye love me," do thus and so. "Do this in remembrance of me." There was always the personal touch and the confidence in the better nature. He knew the human heart is so constructed that it must respond to such treatment.

Now, instead of behaving as if a boy was outside the pale of humanity, try the method of Christ—the constructive method. If you have been using the other way and you have lost your hold on your boy, and traits are developing that you do not like, and habits that you fear, remember that you were first in the wrong, and that it will take time and patience for you to regain a confidence once destroyed, but in the end you will succeed, for the boy was never born who could continually resist patience, truth and love.—Eleanor A. Hunter, in Christian Work.

MISUSING OUR FRIENDS.

Is it a good thing or a bad thing to have a devoted friend who listens patiently to all your troubles?

"Sometimes I think," said one girl, "that a sympathizing friend is like a hole in a bucket; she provides opportunity for so much leakage."

The temptation to talk a great deal about yourself, as long as there is someone who listens patiently, is one we all know. And some of us misuse our friends

to such an extent that we merely make them the vials into which we pour our woes at every opportunity.

"I have gotten so used to telling Lucy my troubles," said the girl above quoted, "that now the very sight of her suggests some new trouble to tell her. It occurred to me the other day that our friendship is degenerating into a mere interchange of adversities and tribulations."

It does seem a pity to let a friendship degenerate into that, doesn't it? Perhaps the truest friend is one who will not indulge another too largely in this weakness. She will gently indicate that she is not a mere tin pipe into which troubles are to be spouted as soon as she comes within range.

It may hurt our little feelings to be delicately repulsed in this manner; but by and by we may learn to thank the friend who cares enough for us to save us from our own weaknesses.

It is quite possible to seek counsel and sympathy from a friend without babbling forth like a water-spout on a rainy day.—Ex.

The Quiet Hour.

FRET NOT THYSELF.

The little sharp vexations,
  And the briers that sting and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
  Who has never failed us yet?
Tell him about the heartache
  And tell him the longings too;
Tell him the baffled purpose,
  When we scarce know what to do;
Then, leaving all our weakness
  With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
  And carry away the song.

—Phillips Brooks.

A PRAYER.

Lord, the sea of life is stormy and we are toiling in the night. Shall our toil make the night seem long? It depends on whom we are working for—for ourselves or for Thee. What we need to give pinions to the hour is interest in Thy Christ—in the averting of His sorrows, in the securing of His rest. He is out on the stormy sea, walking alone. He is out on the stormy sea in that life of sympathy which makes Him one with the lowliest. He is out on the stormy sea wherever the poor are struggling for bread or the homeless crying for shelter or the ragged shivering with cold. Help us to find Him, O Lord; urge us to take Him! Bend our will to the oar with the chance of overtaking Him, of lending Him succor, of putting something between Him and the sea! Then the hours will fly. The time will seem too short for the work we have to do. Weariness will vanish, languor will cease; monotony will disappear; and when we turn to contemplate the voyage we shall find ourselves already at the land.—George Matheson.

AN HONEST LOOK AT OURSELVES.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

At the beginning of each year, merchants are accustomed to take an account of their stock of goods on hand; and all prudent men of business make an examination of their affairs, asking, "Am I a richer or a poorer man?" If it is wise for the tradesman to face his own financial condition, how much more is it the duty of every one of us to take an honest searching inlook of our own hearts, and the condition of our immortal souls? "Examine yourselves," is the plain yet kind commandment in God's word.

One might suppose that the person we live with every day, and who inhabits our own body, would be thoroughly known to us. Yet how pitiably ignorant we often prove to be, and how many chambers in our own heart-house are seldom explored at all!! Happy is the man who acts the Columbus to his own soul! Our great spiritual danger lies in the direction of unsuspected or undeveloped qualities. No one knows what is in him until he is tried. This truth cuts both ways; it applies to the good qualities as well as to latent weaknesses or vices. For example, Abraham could not have known how much faith he had in God until he flashed the bare blade over the bosom of his beloved son. Daniel may not have fairly measured his own courage until the threat of the den of lions stared him in the face. One of the purposes of God's dealings and discipline of His people is not only to put His grace into them, but to bring His grace out of them.

On the other hand, David had seen the cover of a very horrible pit in his own charcater lifted off when he wrote, with a pen dipped in tears, that penitential Fifty-first Psalm. Judas may have passed for an average specimen of honesty till the bag was entrusted to him, and the chief priests held up the sheckels before his greedy eyes. Peter boasted of his own constancy until his Master let him know what a flaw there was in his iron; just there the iron snapped. It is the undetected flaw that lets the axel break when the locomotive is spinning over the track at forty miles an hour—with frightful wreck of cars and passengers! Christians are never in greater spiritual peril than when dashing along at a high speed of prosperity, amid the envy of many beholders. At such time look out for the axle!

Sometimes we hear of the commercial failure of men who have stood high in the business community. They were not rogues or swindlers. But they were lamentably ignorant of the true state of their own affairs. They either overestimated their own assets, or were afraid to probe their own losses to the bottom. Surely we ought to "take heed to ourselves," and to know just how we stand toward God. Not only our peace of mind, but our character and our eternal welfare are at stake. We ought to search ourselves honestly.

We might well prove ourselves with such questions as these: Do I hate sin—even the sins I used to love—and do I fight against them? Do I submit my will to Christ, and let Him rule and guide me? Do I give my Master the key to my purse, my time, and my influence? Do I feel a solid satisfaction in doing right, and a great joy in laboring for the welfare of my fellow-men? Am I striving honestly to live every day as I pray? If we can find in our daily experience and conduct a satisfactory answer to such questions we may believe that we are sincere followers of Christ.

While careful and prayerful self-examination is a vital duty, yet it is sometimes so conducted as to be hurtful. Some good people overdo it. They become

too self-conscious, and think too much about themselves. They are perpetually feeeling their own pulses, and worrying about their spiritual health, until they grow morbid and wretched. Bunyan describes such unhappy Christians in his "Mr. Fearing," who lay out in the cold all night because he was afraid to knock at the wicket gate, and went all the way to the Celestial City with his head bowed down like a bulrush. Weak nerves and dyspepsia often add to the sufferings of despondent Christians.

The way to be healthy and happy is to take both the **In-look** and the **Up-look.** We should look into ourselves to discover our own weaknesses and wants. We should look up to the Source of all strength and peace and joy. Yes, and we may well take a frequent Out-look also to see how our work progresses, and what our fellow-Christians are doing, and how our fellow-creatures are suffering, and what we can do to help and save them. While we "look to ourselves" let us also be looking after others. Above all let us be looking unto Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith, the Model of our lives, and the guide into all truth. Beholding Him, we may be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.

Young People.

THE LITTLE LIGHTHOUSE GIRL.

Sailors who navigate the seas on the South Atlantic Coast are always glad when they are near the harbor of Savannah, for that means that they will pass within saluting distance of the "little lighthouse girl." This is the officially accepted title of Florence Martus, who has for the last eleven years waved a friendly signal to every craft passing between the city and the sea. It is a hobby of this girl to greet the ships that go and wish them a safe return, and greet the ships that come and congratulate them on their voyage. She says that the ships are her world. She hasn't much world outside the marine houses, to be sure, for she lives with her brother and her mother on the bleakest, most uninviting island imaginable on the southern bank of the Savannah River, ten miles from town.

The Martus dwelling is the only habitation on Elba Island. There is no wharf, and visitors arrive on an average of once a year. George Martus attends to the range of lights which keep the pilots in the right part of the most tortuous channel in that part of the ocean. Beside the lighthouse is the cottage where these three people spend their lives. The barks, the steamers, and the various other craft never get near enough for an exchange of greetings other than that most expressive form of good will, the waving of a handkerchief by day and of a lantern by night. And as the girl sends out her welcome the seamen, who know all about her, and who would resent the elimination of the ceremony which she has so popularized, send back an answerinng salute, three "toots" of the steam whistle. Then Miss Martus is as happy as a belle at a debutante party.

It is her desire that no vessel shall pass the lighthouse without receiving a salute. She never overlooks a sail in the daytime, and her handkerchief is ever ready for its service of cordiality. And at night she seems to feel intuitively the approach of her ships, for she has frequently made ready the lantern before the expected boat hove in sight. She says it is her ambition to signal every ship that touches Savannah. She was asked her reason for signalling the passing sea throng.

"I do it," she said, " because they are my friends, almost the only friends I have. I love to see them come and go, and when they go, I always pray for their safe return."—The Silver Cross.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A HORSE.

When I was a little girl we lived in the country about a mile from the school house. Every pleasant day we girls walked to school. When it was stormy my father generally carried us in the morning and we stayed at school through the day.

Our horse, Charley, was very knowng and kind. He knew so well the way from our house to the school that he was often trusted to go alone.

Often towards the close of a stormy afternoon my father would harness the good horse to the wagon, take him to the road and say, "Charley, go and get the girls."

Charley would trot down the road to the schoolhouse, would hmself turn the wagon so that he was headed toward home and there wait till school was out, when we climbed into the wagon and drove home. There he was rewarded with loving words, pats and apples. I am glad to remember that our faithful horse was always treated kindly. Father refused all offers to sell him and he ended his days with us.—Our Dumb Animals.

THE DANGEROUS DOOR.

"Oh, Cousin Will, do tell us a story: there's just time before the school-bell rings." And Harry, Kate, Bob and little Peace crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

"Very well," said Cousin Will; "I will tell you about some very dangerous doors I have seen."

"Oh, that's good!" exclaimed Bob. "Were they all iron and heavy bars, and if one passed in did they shut and keep him there forever?"

"No; the doors I mean are pink or scarlet, and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"What? That's splendid!" cried Kate. "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah, it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble."

"Why, what comes out?" said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

"When the guards are away," said Cousin Will, "I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one was opened and the little lady began to talk very fast, like this: 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! And did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?' 'Oh, yes,' said the other little crimson lady from the other door, 'and what a turned-up nose she has!' Then poor Lucy, who was around the corner, ran home and cried all the evening."

"I know what you mean," cried Kate, coloring. "Were you listening?"

"Oh, you mean our mouths are doors!" exclaimed Harry, "and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue. But who are the guards, and where do they come from?"

"You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' Then he will send Patience to stand on one side and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare come out."

THE FACE ON THE CENT.

Not That of an Indian, but of a Pretty Little Girl

Mrs. Sarah Longacre Keen, who lived and died in Philadelphia, was the queen of the American mint. With the exception of Queen Victoria, whose image was engraved on every coin of the British and Indian empires, Mrs. Keen was first in the number of her metal photographs. Her face as a girl of twelve summers was to be seen on every American cent issued since 1836 from Uncle Sam's coin factory.

It is usually assumed that the face on the head side of the copper is that of an Indian, but a close look will reveal a Saxon profile. Just borrow a cent and look at it. The setting is that of an Indian.

Between 1828 and 1840 James Barton Longacre was chief engraver in the United States Mint in Philadelphia. In 1835 a competition was opened for sketches and engravngs for the new copper cent that was to be issued, and which has since been in service. There were over a thousand designs offered. The prize was a good one. Longacre racked his brain for some original and singular design that would strike the judges, but for months he failed to satisfy himself.

One morning a number of Indians with their chief, who had been paying their respects to the great white chief in Washington, came to the city, and were shown through the mint. They were introduced to the white chief's picture-maker, who was just then showing his young daughter Sarah the great concern. The old chief was attracted by the sweet-faced maiden, and her interest in his feathers and paint. She childishly wondered how she would look in the feathered headgear. This was told the chief, who solemnly divested himself of his feathers and had them placed on the girl's head. The effect was so striking that the father took time to make a sketch of the picture, finishing it afterward for his own amusement.

At the last moment of the period given for sending in engravings he bethought himself of the possibility of the combination of Indian feathers and Saxon sweetness. He got it in, and much sport was made of the child at the time in the city because of the incident. The sketch passed through the seventh sifting, and finally reached the last round. By one vote it won, and ever since Sarah Longacre's young face has served for the humblest of coins, than which no single coin in the world has such tremendous circulaton.—Detroit News-Tribune.

If we want to do something for Christ, God will open up the way for us to do it, and teach us how; and whether it be by word of mouth or by a line of writing, or by the handed invitation or leaflet, it will be blessed, for God loves a cheerful worker, and will crown his attempt with blessing.—Parish and Home.

THE DIVINE COMPASSION.

By J. Marvin Nichols.

The attitude of our Lord toward Mary and Martha, as he so tenderly shares their sorrow, reveals an immeasurable depth of divine compassion. Faith and hope must find their final impulse in the consciousness of a Father's love. Redemption moves rapidly toward its completion the moment a lost soul catches a glimpse of a weeping Lord. Had you stopped to think what gave rise to the Jews' observation? While Jesus wept with the sisters of Lazarus, exhibiting at once the profound reaches of his sympathetic heart, they could but say: "Behold how he loved him!"

Christ stood on no untrodden ground. His experience had made life's shadows familiar. Sorrow's language was his heart's vernacular. He himself had been through valleys long and deep. Paths leading by wildernesses vast and drear were common. Centuries before, Isaiah had foreseen him as one despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Surely, now, earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal. There can be no abyss down which he will not drop the plummet of his richest grace. In all the range of human woes there is no chasm deeper than that cross can sound.

How often and how variedly our Lord's compassion bursts forth. You remember how our Saviour, on one of those busy days, saw the throng and had compassion on them because they had fainted and were as sheep without a shepherd. You've not forgotten how the great concourse of people followed him into the desert; moved with compassion, he healed their sick. Just before he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, you remember two blind men sitting by the way, cried out. He had compassion on them, touched their blinded eyes, and light broke in. Have you forgotten the pitiful wail of the leper—"If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." There is a stately grandeur about the sequel: "Jesus, moved with compassion, put for the his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will: be thou clean."

Do you know that Christ's unbounded sympathy challenges the most extreme reach of faith? It takes a great heart, amidst all of life's ills, to so command faith as to believe that God is too wise to err—that he's too good to do us wrong. Could we but take this view of it, life would always be worth living. Our most bitter cups would taste sweet to us. We would find the secret and say: "Make us glad according to the day wherein thou hast afflicted us." The truth is, a closer view of sorrow's ministry shows us that our many, many troubles are ofttimes blessings in disguise. A child was wandering in an old English garden. On its stroll it came upon the keeper. He stooped to kiss the sweet face. As he did so his shadow fell upon the child. Ah! these shadows, many times, come only when the Father stoops to kiss our feverish brow. Sorrows are God's shadows.

Who is able to set the metes and bouds to this compassion? The mind staggers under the thought of its intensity. We are so prone to forget the blessed overshadowing. There are so many instances, and so many ways, by which our Lord would impress us with his eternal vigilance. We are to be kept as the apple of his eye. Nature instinctively and instantaneously calls into contribution every resource for the protection of this delicate organ. And that's the figure. Christ would teach us that he is enough con-

cerned to bring into requisition all the powers of an invisible world for our defense. Elisha's refined vision saw the mountains round about Dothan teeming with the armies of the skies. One of our poets says that

To faith's enlightened sight,
All the mountains flame with light;
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
'Circling us with hosts of fire.

That's the limit of sympathy—nothing lies beyond this figure. God could do no more. If we dwell in the secret place of the Most High, we shall dwell under the shadow of the Almighty. He promises to give his angels charge concerning us, and bids them bear us up lest we dash our feet against the stones. He vows never to forsake us nor to leave us alone. Thought utterly breaks down when it comes to grasp the compassion that would forget the sins and love the sinner. Nothing lying back of conversion is ever a part of human history—that's compassion. He blots them out of the book of his remembrance. He remembers them against us no more forever. How inexpressibly sweet this forgetfulness. He puts them farther away from us than is the east from the west. Could they be farther removed? What a sad, yet majestic picture is that of Christ in his anathemas against the wicked cities of the plains. His compassion becomes tragic as he sits outside Jerusalem and weeps over the doomed city.? Such sympathy is as exhaustless as love, as deep as depravity, and as high as heaven.

We must understand his compassion as seen in his attitude toward human sorrow. Our Lord did not weep with Mary and Martha simply because it is natural to weep with those who weep and mourn with those who mourn. Nor did his sympathy arise in the depth of his personal love for Lazarus. It found its genesis in the remote necessities of sorrow. From such a view-point we must always look at Jesus' compassion. Paul, in that matchless conception, said: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." We are looking at the Father's heart through a broken lens: our vision is so distorted. Notwithstanding our beclouded sight, we must know that

Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

From this vantage-ground, "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at things which are seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." Every trial, every tear, every sigh, is surcharged with divine sympathy if we but study sorrow from the standpoint of God's blessed motive. There are greener, higher altitudes in the Alps beyond the low levels where the shepherds feed their flocks on wasted pastures. Sheep cannot be driven o'er those rugged heights. The shepherd puts a lamb upon his bosom and goes before them. Ah! that's God's way. Our sorrows nestle over his own dear, warm heart. Faith must pass through its final heat. It needs the utmost tension.

This was what the Saviour meant when he said: "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe." God permits these afflictions, the distant object being the purification of our character. Who may abide the day of his coming? Who shall stand when he appears? "He is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap." Peter thus lays hold on the eternal issue: "Now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptation; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Kirkham discovered the motive:

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flames shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

This interpretation of our toils and cares lends a new meaning to divine compassion. Such a conception tones an otherwise somber picture. Shadows are our heritage—they come uninvited. God wants to put on the high-lights. He's the Master Artist. From this altitude we begin to appreciate Habakkuk's statement: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." On this very ground the Psalmist predicated his petition: "Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving kindnesses; for they have been ever of old. Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions; according to thy mercy remember thou me." Paul declares that God has not appointed us unto wrath. After all, and at the zenith of our experience in the flesh, were it not for the Father's infinite mercy, wrath would quickly overtake us.

Again, this interpretation shows us that, in the last analysis, sorrow is an exhibition of love. Not only is it the divine manner of teaching, but by it God establishes over us a holy protectorate. "Blessed is the man whom thou chasteneth, O Lord," is the poet-king's dream, "and teachest him out of thy law; that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked." However much we may recoil from the thought," no chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peacable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." In Christ's stead, John wrote the passage to the Laodiceans: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."

This view of compassion affords a happy idea of divine justice. We would not for a moment intimate that God connives with sin or depreciates his standard of right. While this is true, we cannot teach that earthly justice rests on a basis more humane than does the divine. Justice would suffer an outrage were the criminal not tried according to circumstances, as well as law. Wrath considers only law; mercy considers every mitigating circumstance. Here's a heathen that knows no God save of wood and stone; can God damn him? Here's a child in whose heart there is a moral twist like the gnarl in the fiber of the tree. The higher the polish on the wood the more visible the gnarl. It isn't a weakness in the material, but a mark. A moral twist is traceable far back in the ancestral line, and for which some of his sires are paying the penalty now; can God damn him on that score? Grace has naught to do with reaping—it has all to do with the sowing. The sins of the fathers

come to fruition as late as the fourth generation. But it's a harvest for whose sowing the penalty is paid. Here's a man that unwittingly commits a sin; can God damn him? There is no sin at the bar of God into which premeditation of the mind and an untrammeled will did not enter. Justice at the last tribunal, will not refuse to consider the environment of any given moral act. Thank God for that stretch of mercy! Speaking of Christ—"For every high priest taken among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins; who can have compassion on the ignorant (can reasonably bear with—marginal) and on them that are out of the way." Another sacred writer says: "The times of men's ignorance God winked at (considered—with the idea of weighing evidence.) Jude advised: "And of some have compassion, making a difference." You must weigh these facts in all their far-reaching depths. Can God be less just than we? Does He not know our poor frame? Will He forget that we are but dust?

Compassion covers infirmities, not transgression. And this is the ground thereof: "For we have not an high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Infirmities are failures to keep the law of perfect obedience given to Adam and Eve. Sins are offenses against the law of love. Infirmities are an involuntary outflow from an imperfect moral organization. Sin is always voluntary. Infirmities have their ground in the physical nature, and are aggravated by intellectual deficiences. Sin roots itself in our moral nature. Infirmities entail regret and humiliation. Sin always produces guilt. Infirmities in well-instructed souls do not interrupt communion with God. Sin cuts our communication with heaven. Infirmities hidden from ourselves are covered by the blood of Christ without a definite act of faith. Sin demands a special resort to the blood of sprinkling and an act of reliance on Christ. Infirmities are without remedy while we are in the body. Sin, by grace, is always avoidable . Nothing more tender than this was ever uttered in all the world's literature: "For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

Timely Topics From Various Sources.

The Century Magazine in 1907 will have a strong Civil War flavor. Already in preparation are a series of articles on "How the Civil War Was Financed" by Ellis Paxson Oberholzer; an account of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" by David Homer Bates, and General O. O. Howard's recollections of distinguished men, Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Grant, Lee, and others.

The Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson says concerning the charges made against him in the direction of the reindeer industry in Alaska: "In proof of the alleged scandal it has been charged that while the government has spent about $250,000 for reindeer and the Alaskan herd numbers 10,234, there are only 2,500 in the possession of the government. The inference is that I or someone else must have unlawfully disposed of nearly 8,000 of the 10,000 reindeer in Alaska. The fact is that 3,817 had been earned by the native Eskimo, who had served a five years' apprenticeship in the care and management of reindeer; 2,127 had been earned by the mission stations—mainly under contract with the government—who, in return for the loan of 100 deer, had clothed, fed and cared for native apprentices during their five years' apprenticeship, and then had returned to the government the original number of deer loaned them, retaining the fawns for future work in training Eskimo apprentices; 1,187 had been earned by the Laplander teachers, who also had received small loans from the government, for the purpose of giving obpect lessons to the native herders in the care of the herds, which after five years they returned to the government, retaining the fawns born for themselves. Or, in other words, in 1905 the natives owned 38 per cent of the deer, the government 30 per cent, the mission stations 21 per cent, and the Laps 11 per cent. As the years go on the percentage of the deer owned by the natives will become increasingly large, which was the intention of the government in making the annual appropriation for reindeer. As a help to the more rapid preparation of young men for herding, the government has found the loan to the mission stations so satisfactory that the last Congress directed that the deer remaining in the hands of the government should 'as soon as practicable be turned over to the missions in Alaska.'"

On "The Meaning of High Prices" the Boston Transcript says editorially: "The steady increase in the prices of most of those articles that, as our civilization has developed, are counted among the necessities of life, will doubtless figure as an issue for the party in opposition this year, and for coming years. It will be used as evidence of additional burdens, and emphasis will be laid upon the fact without the accompaniment of an explanation. But it may not be safe to carry this too far, because the beneficaries of the high prices are now to a large extent the very class to which ten years ago the Bryanites appealed for votes because of the low prices of those things that they had to dispose of, that is the farmers. It did not take long after the Kansas farmers found wheat prices beginning to soar, to revolutionize the political sentiment of that State, and change it from a hotbed of Populism to one of the citadels of Republicanism. In an interview with a representative of the Brooklyn Eagle, George E. Roberts, director of the mint, not only conceded the very considerable advance in prices, but took the ground that the movement was a growing one, and that they would generally be higher rather than lower. This is particularly true of articles of food due in the opinion of Mr. Roberts to the exhaustion of the great areas of free public lands in the West which will henceforth cause wheat, corn and other farm products to bring top prices. The rapid utilization of the great prairies of the Middle West pracically reached its limit ten years ago; since that time population has increased steadily and devoted itself to growing farm products. Heretofore we had been getting our principal food supplies at about the cost of the labor put upon them, scarcely considering the value of the land. In the future we shall be paying interest on lands worth from $75 to $150 an acre.'"

THE WAITER'S REBUKE.

Secretary Taft said of a certain domineering statesman:

"He fills men with dread. They quail before him. They can't call their souls their own in his presence. Altogether, he makes me think of a waiter I once met in the West.

"In a small western town many years ago I put up at the Palace Hotel.

"I was assigned to a room. There was no water or towels in the room, and I rang.

"There was no reply.

"I rang again.

"Still no reply.

"And again and again and yet I rang, and finally a waiter appeared.

"This waiter was a robust man of stern and forbidding aspect.

"'Did you ring?' he said in a rumbling bass voice.

"'I did,' I answered.

"'Well, don't do it again," said the waiter with a menacing scowl, as he withdrew."

It wasn't a Missouri editor, but a printer's devil, who was going through his first experience of making up forms. The paper was late and the boy got the galleys mixed. The last part of the obituary notice had been dumped in the forms, and the next handful of type came off a galley describing a recent fire. It read like this: "The pall-bearers lowered the body to the grave and as it was consigned to the flames, there was few if any regrets, for the old wreck had been an eyesore to the town for years. Of course there was individual loss, but that was fully covered by insurance." The widow thinks the editor wrote the obituary that way because the lamented partner of her joys and sorrows owed on subscription.—Ex.

"This is the first time you have been to prayer meeting in a long time," said the pastor of a colored congregation.

"I had to come," replied Erastus Pinkney.

"I needs strenth'nin'. I's got a job white-washin' a chicken coop an' buildin' a fence around a watermelon patch."

Teacher: "Tommie, when was Rome built?"

An English daily had the following advertisement: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Christian Register.

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